PHILLIPS
Camilla's Husband

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FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

# CAMILLA'S HUSBAND.

## An Original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY WATTS PHILLIPS, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

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## [CAST OF CHARACTERS—CAMILLA'S HUSBAND.]

| | *Royal Olympic, London, 1862.* | *Olympic, New York, 1863.* |
|---|---|---|
| *Sir James Hailstone* | Mr. James. | Mr. Peck. |
| *Sir Philip Hailstone, [his son]* | Mr. G. Vincent. | Mr. G. Jamison. |
| *Sir Thomas Kendal* | Mr. Franks. | Mr. Brucciani. |
| *Major Lumley* | Mr. H. Cooper. | Mr. N. C. Lapaugh. |
| *Captain Shrimpton* | Mr. H. Rivers. | Mr. G. H Clarke. |
| *Dogbriar* | Mr. F. Robson. | Mr. W. Davidge. |
| *Maurice Warner* (*Artists*) | Mr. H. Neville. | Mr. J. K. Mortimer |
| *Hyacinth Jonquil* (*Artists*) | Mr. W Gordon. | Mr. Geo. Becke |
| *Maybush, [Landlord of the Red Lion]* | Mr. H Wigan. / Mr. G. Cooke. | Mr. T. Owens. |
| *Chowler, [a Smith]* | Mr. C. Harwood. | Mr. C. Parsloe, Jr. |
| *Servants, Gentlemen, Villagers, &c.* | | |
| *Lady Camilla Hailstone* | Miss Kate Saville. | Mrs. John Wood. |
| *Lady Roseville* | Miss Grant. | Miss DeLacey. |
| *Miss Placida Poyntz* | Mrs. Leigh Murray. | Mrs. Howard. |
| *Red Judy, [Wife of Dogbriar]* | Mrs. Stephens. | Miss Harris. |
| *Sloeberry, [their Daughter]* | Miss F. Haydon. | Miss J. Walters. |

TIME, 1762.—Costumes of that period, for which see Brown's Illustrations to "Barnaby Rudge."

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F, Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

| R. | R. C. | C. | L. C. | L. |
|---|---|---|---|---|

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

# CAMILLA'S HUSBAND.

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Curtain rises upon the exterior of a Country Inn. "The Red Lion,"* R ; *back of scene to be sufficiently open to show a considerable portion of the Village and a Country road, which appears and disappears winding among thick clumps of trees ; Blacksmith's Shop,* R. U. E , *and the Porch of a quaint little Church,* L. U. E., *form the principal objects in the little Village ; the entire arrangement of scene must be very open, sunny, and picturesque, giving an idea of rural beauty and seclusion.*

MAYBUSH, *landlord of the "Red Lion Inn," is moving about, sprinkling ground with water :* CHOWLER *at Smith's work in shop at back.*

*Chowl.* [R., *resting hammer on anvil and calling across to* MAYBUSH.] Maybush, neebor Maybush !

*May.* [L. C., *turning and moving a little up stage.*] What's gotten to say, neebor Chowler ?

*Chowl.* Naething ; I spoke for coompany.

*May.* That be neeborly. Thank'ee Chowler. [*Both resume their occupations—the one his hammering, the other his sprinkling.*

*Chowl.* [*Same business as at commencement of scene.*] Neebor Maybush

*May.* [*ditto*] Well, neebor Chowler ?

*Chowl.* Hast seen any one to-day ?

*May.* Yeas. [*Stands with watering-pot in one hand, scratching head reflectively with the other.*] I ha' seen thee, an' Dick Purkiss, an' blind old—

*Chowl.* [*Coming to his door.*] I mean ha' ye seed no strangers ?

*May.* [*Slowly.*] Noa ; I ha' seen none o' that sart sin' last week, an' then I see a mort foive on 'em.

*Chowl.* [*Pointing down road.*] Then gie' thy eyes a rub an' I'll show 'ee some more.

*May.* [*Eagerly, and going up stage.*] Wheer ?

*Chowl.* [*Still pointing.*] Theer !

DOGBRIAR, RED JUDY, *and* SLOEBERRY *are seen entering village,* L. U. E.; *the* TINKER *is riding on a donkey, which is laden with the paraphernalia of the tinker's trade : the* WOMAN *and* GIRL *are walking.*

*May.* [*Contemptuously.*] Them ! they bean't naething. Them's tramps.

*Dog.* [*Pulling up before Inn.*] Woah ! [*Springing from donkey.*] I'm as dry as a sand-pit, and holler as a pipkin. [*Coming down,* L. C.] Landlord ! landlord !

*May.* [*Who, after eyeing the party with much disdain, has seated himself down stage,* R., *back to* TINKER.] Cooming !

*Dog.* So's the fortin as I'm expectin'; but if it doesn't make more haste nor you I shall die a poor man yet. [*Seats himself and strikes fist on table.*] Can o' beer for me an' the ladies.

*Enter* RED JUDY *and* SLOEBERRY *into Inn, the former pushing the latter somewhat roughly before her*—JUDY *wears red gipsy cloak, and bonnet of coarse straw*—SLOEBERRY'S *appearance is more picturesque and fantastic; she carries tamborine, and her manner betokens both dejection and weariness.*

*May.* [*Rising surlily.*] Ladies! You be the gentlemen, I suppose?

*Dog.* Nothing shorter. I horders and I pays—a hemperor—can do more.

*While* JUDY *is unloading donkey of some of the tinkering tools*—SLOEBERRY *has sunk down as exhausted on bench at back.*]

*May.* Emperors dunnat let the women walk while they do the grand on a donkey.

*Dog.* As the hanimal's a small one he's only licensed to carry single, so as I 'ates to make a difference, I let 'em both walk for fairness. [*Rising.*] But you're a good Sammarrian—you are, to stand talking while a feller creatures dying wi' thirst.

MAYBUSH *shrugs shoulders, and exits into inn* R.—DOGBRIAR *going up stage* L., *touches* SLOEBERRY *on shoulder; her hands are clasped loosely on lap; her head has sunk on her breast.*

*Dog.* Sloeberry, lass! You seem knocked up all of a suddent. You was bright enough when I left you dancin' in t'other village—I know it's a rough bit o' road 'tween this and there.

*Judy.* [*Impatiently.*] It's not the road—it's them as she met on it.

*Dog.* Them! who?

*Judy.* Mad Maurice and Hyacinth Jonquil. They'll be here in a minit. I left 'em a top o' the hill, taking a picture—a lamb-skip as they call it.

*Dog.* [*Smiting his knees.*] Well I never—to think o' meeting them pair o' ne'er-do-wells after losing sight o' them for six months an' more. [*To* SLOEBERRY.] An' you takin' on after Maurice. I'm 'shamed on you. He'll never be no good to you nor any one else.

*Judy.* He never wastes a thought on her—or me, though I brought him up—by hand.

*Dog.* And as it were a hard hand it should ha' made some impression.

*Judy.* I was checktaker at old Jupiter Jonquil's the-ay-ter, when Maurice first come into my charge, and as he was a loveable little chap——

*Dog.* And old Jupiter's payments reg'lar.

*Judy.* I was better nor a mother to him.

*Dog.* A mother might have sp'ilt him—you didn't.

*Judy.* But old Jonquil did, when he took it into his head to make a scholard of him along wi' young Hyacinth, his son, and taught him to paint scenes an' sich like, 'stead o' something useful okipation.

*Dog.* Sich as tinkerin', which is a thing as everybody wants;

while picturs, when you've looked at 'em once, ain't good for nothing.

*Slo.* [*With sudden animation.*] Oh, father! I've heard Manager Jonquil say that Maurice painted like an angel.

*Dog.* P'raps! as I ain't come across many hangels in my time, I can't say what's expected of 'em in that line; but what I do know is that all Maurice makes he spends, and all in licker.

*Slo.* [*Sadly.*] He's drinking himself to death.

*Dog.* Which is a frightful thing to think on. [*Takes jug from* MAYBUSH *who enters, and drinks.*] Besides, it's selfish, and selfishness I can't abear. [*Gives jug to* JUDY.

*Judy.* [*Glancing into jug with blank surprise.*] Empty!

*Slo.* [*At door of inn.*] They're coming along the road.

*Dog.* Who?

*Slo.* [*Joyfully.*] Maurice and Hyacinth—Maurice Warner!

MAURICE WARNER *and* HYACINTH JONQUIL *heard singing.*

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang from morn till night no lark so blithe as he. [*They appear at back singing.*
And this the burden of his song for ever used to be,
"I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me."

*They enter* L. U. E. *singing the last line; both are habited in suits threadbare and covered with dust—they wear battered hats and have knapsacks on their backs—the appearance of* MAURICE WARNER *wild, careless, and haggard, as from much dissipation, a mixture of poetic excitement with a hard cynical indifference—*JONQUIL *carries a sketching apparatus, &c., which he fixes carefully back of stage.*

*Maurice.* [*As he comes down stage carelessly, doffing hat and unslinging knapsack.*] Good day to the company! [*Tossing knapsack on bench,* R.] An old friend but a heavy burden. [*Slapping* MAYBUSH *on back.*] Hollo, landlord, some brandy.

*Jonquil.* [*Aside and intercepting* MAYBUSH *as he is passing out.*] Ale.

*Maybush.* And brandy?

*Jonquil.* [*Aside with emphasis.*] And *no* brandy. [*Exit* MAYBUSH, R.

*Mau.* [*To* DOGBRIAR.] What, thou Prince of Tinkers, art still in the land of the living? [*Speaking to* JONQUIL *his hand on* DOGBRIAR'S *shoulder.*] A wondrous fellow this, ever mending, but never improving—a black smutch upon the face of nature—an ignus fatuus, or wandering fire.

*Dog.* [L. *Angrily.*] Ha' done wi' your names

*Mau.* Never be angry, old Tubal Cain. Thou shalt have moisture for thy dusty throat.

*Jonquil.* Landlord! the drink! [MAYBUSH *places jug on table.*] What's this?

*Enter* MAYBUSH, R. *with ale.*

*May.* Ale.

*Jonquil.* [*Seating himself on corner of the table* L., *and filling glasses.*] As we were thirsty I thought——

*Mau.* [*Laughs.*] I know as usual, you thought for me. [*Taps forehead.*] To let unfurnished—eh, Jonquil? Well drink is drink, so toss it down. [*Drinks.*

*Slo.* [*Aside,* L.] Poor Maurice!

*Mau.* [*Seated on other corner of table passes glasses about.*]

*Dog.* How are you getting on wi' your purfession, Maurice? Not that I think much on it.

*Mau.* [*Rising quickly.*] Not think much of it? [*With enthusiasm.*] What higher glory than to be a painter—a true painter—to see and understand nature in her myriad aspects—to see each fleeting beauty and fix it, still living and breathing on the canvass, to—[*Stops abruptly and passes hand over forehead.*] Bah! we're both tinkers, Dogbriar! you after your fashion, I after mine.—

[*Fills glass with an unsteady hand and drinks.*

*Dog.* [*With dignity.*] Tinker! I should be sorry to be anything else! In summer I roam about like the butterflies In the winter I takes to the towns, and lives as 'appy as a rat in a gran'ry—as happy as you might ha' been if Manager Jonquil hadn't given you a heddication.

*Jon.* [*rising*] Take care Mr. Dogbriar; you're speaking of my father.

*Mau.* [*restraining* JONQUIL.] Let him talk—let him talk—wisdom speaketh by the wayside—give heed to it.

*Dog.* The worst of heddication is people never knows when to stop; none of us knows how bad our misfortins are till we reads on 'em, and as for writin, as soon as a poor chap can figger out his own name, he takes to scribblin' somebodyelse's name—leastways it were so in my family.

*Mau.* Proceed, most learned Theban.

*Dog.* Readin' and writin's very well for them as can afford to be idle; but a man as has got to yearn a living, [*with great contempt*] ain't got no time for any such knick-knackeries. [*pointing to* SLOEBERRY] Why, I warn't half her age when my guv'nor turned me adrift. We was six in family, an' rubbed on pretty well till another one comes to be borned. Then the old 'un—that's my father—says to me, "Doggy," says he—for he'd always an affectionate turn, "Doggy! six mouths is as much as I can 'onestly feed, so yours is one too many, and a precious large one too." Then he takes me by the scruff, [*indicating back of neck*] and starts me in the world wi' fust one boot, and then the other. Them kicks made a man o' me. [*wipes his eyes with end of neck-tie*] I never thinks on 'em but they brings tears in my eyes. [*he goes up stage, and off* R. U. E.]

*Mau.* [*to* JONQUIL, *laughing*] The oracle speaks truth, even though its tripod is a tinker's stool. Bad or good, accept your lot, that's your only true happiness.

*Jon.* [*warmly*] Have you no ambition, Maurice?

*Mau.* Once I had. I sought a someting—I know not what—a something above—beyond me—it was but an uncertain flickering light at the best—and [*passes hand vaguely over forehead*] it is gone.

*Jon.* [*sadly*] Maurice—Maurice! I sometimes think you mad!

*Mau.* At present madness is a happiness denied me; I would forget myself, old friend, but cannot. [*holds out hand*] Is that the hand of a painter? That? [*bitterly*] It is shaking like an aspen leaf.

*Jon.* And you asked for brandy when you entered.

*Mau.* Why not? It steadies the nerves; it fires the brain, and gives the impetus I want. I must drink to paint, and I must paint to live.

*Jon.* But the future?

*Mau.* The present hour is enough for me. [*placing hand on* JONQUIL'S *shoulder*] We are alone in the world, Jonquil, without family and without friends, two of those rolling stones, now in the sunshine now in the shade, that never rest till they have gathered their first and last moss in a pauper's grave. You gone, what have I to live for?—nothing.

*Jon.* You have your art—a glorious one!

*Mau.* Fit for the gods! [*laughs*] And for the gods alone, for it brings only sorrow and starvation upon earth. Your father used to say that a man must live a century to know the world, and then live another to profit by the knowledge. The jolly miller's philosophy was the right one after all. [*sings.*]

"I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me."

*Slo.* [*who has come down stage,* L. C., *places her hand upon* MAURICE'S *arm*], But somebody does care for you; Jonquil does, and I do.

*Mau.* [*very kindly.*] What, are you there, Sloeberry? [*patting arm about her.*] Then I love one, at least—nay, two. [*giving unoccupied hand to* JONQUIL]

*Slo.* [*looking up into his face.*] You *can* love, Maurice?

*Mau.* Like a brother; but it's dry work talking. [*Goes to table.* Landlord! the jug's empty.

MAYBUSH, *who, together with* CHOWLER, *has been examining the sketching apparatus with stupid astonishment, comes quickly down stage.*

*Mau.* The jug's empty. Well, what are you stopping for?

*May.* [*Up* R.] The money.

[*There is a silence,* JONQUIL *looks ruefully at* SLOEBERRY.

*Mau.* [*Who has thrown himself in chair, looks from one to the other.*] You're cash-keeper, Hyacinth; how much remains?

*Jon.* [*By a sudden movement draws out two empty pockets.*] Nothing.

[MAURICE *laughs.*

*May.* [*Comes down,* C.] Naething! and ye coom here a tarkin' as thof all th' country soide belonged to 'ee. For thirsty folk as ha' no money there's the pump, while for tramps and sich loike theer's the constable an' the cage. You'll get naething here, unless——

[*He is going up stage, stops suddenly, wheels round and surveys* MAURICE *doubtfully.*]

*Mau.* Unless what?

*May.* I think some one said you could paint.

*Slo.* Maurice paint!

*Jon.* Like a Raphael!

*May.* I want naething to do wi' raffles. Can you paint *pictures*?

*Mau.* [*Carelessly.*] Why?

*May.* I ha' gotten a beauty.

*Mau.* [*Half rises.*] You!

*May.* It's a little damaged, and if you can make it raight, the whole o' ye may ha' as much as ye can eat an' drink at one sittin', for naething.

*Mau.* [*Shortly.*] Fetch it. [MAYBUSH *exits at back.*] After all, art may yield a dinner, at least.

[SLOEBERRY *has joined* JUDY *who is squatted,* L., *knitting.*

*Mau.* [*Seated carelessly on table, one foot on chair, the other on the ground—he is filling pipe.*] What are you about, Hyacinth?

*Jon.* [*Brings down palette and brushes.*] Earning my share of the dinner. [*They laugh.*

MAYBUSH *re-enters carrying a board or panel, the face of which must be kept turned from the audience—he brings it down stage, and places it on chair, in a position so that the face still remains unseen by either* MAURICE *or* AUDIENCE*; this done,* MAYBUSH *looks at* MAURICE *with a patronizing smile. Back of Stage has been gradually filling with* VILLAGERS.

*Mau.* Is that the picture? It should be an old one by the panel.

*May.* Old! three generations ha' been drunk under it.

*Mau.* Under it! [MAYBUSH *turns panel and exhibits a grotesque "Red Lion," very rampant.*

*Mau.* [*Springs from table.*] Why, it's the sign!

*May.* [*Proudly.*] It *be* the sign; my gran'fether painted 'im his sen an' fixed 'im o'er the door afterwards.

*Mau.* [*Laughs.*] This will make the third I've painted within the last twelve days. [*Aside.*] And each to discharge a reckoning. [*Aloud.*] A marvellous monster! be content; your lion shall be the king of beasts.

*May.* [*Doubtfully.*] A king bean't a lion.

*Mau.* [*Takes colors, &c., from knapsack.*] I'll take as much pains as though the portrait were your own. Place the animal there. [*Points to chair,* R.] Good! [*Seats himself before it.*] Where's the brandy

*May.* [*Having fetched it, produces brandy.*] Here.

*Mau.* Better! [*Prepares to paint.*] Now go and attend to your guests, for you seem to have enough of them.

*Jon.* [*Who has taken out paper and crayons as about to sketch, addresses* VILLAGERS, *who group about him up stage.*] I can't take all your heads off at once. [*They draw back.*] Each portrait, sixpence; colored, sixpence more. [*Aside to* MAYBUSH.] Out of each shilling, twopence for you.

*Jon.* [*To* MAURICE.] How are you getting on, Maurice?

*Mau.* [*Laughing and pointing to* LION.] I paint the beauties of nature.

*Jon.* [*Who is sketching a* VILLAGER.] And I their opposite.

*Judy.* [*Coming down stage,* R., *knitting and addressing* MAURICE, *who is painting,* R.] 'Twas a bad thing for you, Maurice, when old Jupiter JONQUIL died.

*Mau.* [*Painting.*] It's always a bad thing to lose a friend, Judy, and he was my only one.

*Judy.* Your only one. And them's all the thanks I get. You ain't made so much by your paintin', that you should turn your nose up at me an' Sloeberry.

*Mau.* [*Quickly.*] Sloeberry! my little foster sister! poor child! for her sake alone I could wish myself other than I am. [*Pours out brandy and drinks.*] But destiny's too much for me; all depends where a man's thrown. I'm surrounded by a circle of fire—of fire—from which there's no escape; so scorpion-like in my very desperation, I sting myself to death. [*Drinks.*] There, don't bother me, [*he laughs,*] or I shall spoil the sign board.

*Judy.* [*Shrugging shoulders, and speaking aside as she moves up stage.*] You're a lost one anyhow. Dogbriar is right. He says he wouldn't be a genius on no account. [*Goes up.*

MAYBUSH, *now in a state of high excitement re-enters at back.*

*May.* [*Seizing* JONQUIL *by the sleeve—they come down,* L. C.] Coom over to Todd's varm; he ha' sent for 'ee.

*Jon.* Who's Todd?

*May.* Squoire Todd; he wants a dozen portraits.

*Jon.* [*Hurriedly rises.*] Of his children?

*May.* Noa! Of his pigs.

*Jon.* [*Hesitates.*] Pigs! Never mind—they're family portraits, anyhow. [*He exits at back, attended by* VILLAGERS.

*May.* [*About to follow, turns to glance at* MAURICE.] Dang me, if he beant fallen asleep over my lion.

*He is about to descend stage to arouse him, when there is a great noise at back, any a post chaise with much cracking of whips is heard to drive up* L. *to door of Inn;* LADY CAMILLA HAILSTONE *and* MISS PLACIDA POYNTZ *enter from* L. U. E. LADY CAMILLA *is dressed with great elegance; her manners quick and impetuous, yet full of distinction. She is very young, and altogether in direct contrast to her companion, who is quiet, prim, and middle-aged.* MAURICE, *who has fallen asleep, his head against panel, and the empty bottle at his feet, is, from his position, hidden from the new arrivals.*

*May.* [*Backing down stage with a profusion of rustic bows.*] This be the Red Lion, my Lady, though the sign be——

*Lady C.* [*Haughtily, and pausing in centre of stage.*] You are the landlord, I presume.

*May.* At your ladyship's service.

*Lady C.* I have a strange, a very strange demand to make of you.

*Miss P.* [*Interposes, and speaking in an alarmed undertone.*] Lady Camilla, I implore you, listen to reason.

*Lady C.* [*Impatiently.*] I have reasons too many.

*Miss P.* [*With a despairing entreaty.*] Oh, reflect.

*Lady C.* [*Haughtily.*] I have reflected. [*Turning to* MAYBUSH.] Landlord, you must find me a husband.

*May.* [*recoils, his cap drops from his hand and he stares open mouthed at the lady.*] I find—Oh-h-h my lady!

*Lady C.* [*without heeding his astonishment, and with the same imperious bearing.*] When I say husband I mean some person, who for a sum of money a—large sum would—consent to marry me.

*Miss P.* [*again interposes.*] Lady Camilla!

*Lady C.* [*checking her by a gesture.*] And immediately after the ceremony allow me to depart without questioning or seeking by any means to know aught of me now or hereafter. He must swear this.

*May.* [*bewildered.*] But——

*Lady C.* The church is there, in front of your door, and I have a licence which only requires filling up. Quick. [*she glances at watch and turns to* PLACIDA.] Should they have taken the same road we have not a minute to lose.

*May.* [*slowly scratching head.*] Most on us here be married a' ready —a miserable lot, I can assure your ladyship.

*Lady C.* [*to* PLACIDA,] We'll go on to the next village.

*May.* [*aside, and glancing over at forge.*] There, Chowler! I'll try him.

*He goes up stage and beckons over* CHOWLER: LADY CAMILLA and PLACIDA *have come down stage* L., *while* MAURICE, *aroused by the noise of the arrival has risen, still unperceived, and stands* R. *with one hand resting on panel, gazing with wonder upon the proud and beautiful girl.*

*Lady C.* My good Placida, do not look so alarmed. A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. I have sworn to break the chain, and I will. I am a woman—a girl, if you will; but they shall still find I am not powerless to avenge.

CHOWLER, *who has crossed over to* MAYBUSH, *no sooner receives the intimation of what is expected of him, given in rapid dumb show, than without even glancing at* LADY CAMILLA, *he beats a hurried retreat into his forge, shutting his door with a bang.*

*Re-enter* MAYBUSH.

*May.* [*crest-fallen.*] I be afear'd my lady——

*Lady C.* [*stamps her foot impatiently.*] Enough! We'll go on. [*She sweeps quickly up the stage; when* MAURICE, *who has moved round from his position of half-concealment, stands before her.* LADY C. *draws back surprised and startled at the suddenness of this apparition, but quickly recovers her self-possession, and speaks with her usual hauteur.*]

*Lady C.* Who are you?

*Mau.* [L., *quietly.*] Nobody.

*Lady C.* What are you?

*Mau.* [*same tone.*] Nothing. The very man you require.

*Lady C.* Sir.

*Mau.* Pardon me, if by accident I have played eavesdropper; but, having heard your demand, I reply to it.

*Lady C.* You want money.

*Mau.* The want is universal.

*Lady C.* And having heard the terms—?

*Mau.* Consent. [*he speaks in his old careless manner.*] Anything to oblige a lady.

*Lady C.* The ceremony performed, I depart at once, and unquestioned; [MAURICE *bows*] and you will never see my face again.

*Mau.* [*raises his eyes to hers, gazes on her face steadfastly for a moment.*] Except at your own desire—never.

*Lady C.* [*haughtily.*] At my desire! you forget yourself!

*Mau.* [*calmly.*] I would it were possible for me to do so. What I am you see, what I am like to be it is not difficult to guess.

*Lady C.* Nor does it concern me to know. [*To* PLACIDA.] Come.

*Miss P.* [*Up stage,* C., *in a low tone.*] Be warned!

*Lady C.* *Same tone, but quick and impatient.*] You know my reasons—am I not of age? [*Turns to go up stage,* C.

*Miss P.* [*Aside with gesture of despair.*] Just four-and-twenty hours ago.

*Lady C.* [*To* MAYBUSH, *who has sunk into a state of chronic astonishment.*] You will witness this marriage. You shall be well paid for your trouble. [*To* PLACIDA.] Come. [*Without glancing again at* MAURICE, *whose eyes have never left her, she goes up stage with* PLACIDA POYNTZ.

*Mau.* [*With a curious bewilderment.*] Am I awake? Bah! what matters—married or single it's all one to me!

*Goes up stage quickly—they exeunt,* L. U. E.

*The stage is clear for a moment, then enter* DOGBRIAR, *carrying two saucepans and a frying-pan. With him* SLOEBERRY, JUDY, *and some* VILLAGERS, R. U. E.

DOG. [*Coming down stage,* L.] Here's a willage! Talk of ciwilization! why they ain't got more nor a kipple o' sarspins and a frying-pan amongst 'em.

*Slo.* [*Coming close to him and looking round anxiously.*] Where's Maurice?

*Dog.* [*Testily.*] How should I know? [*Examines saucepan.*] Drat the nasty creetures, why don't they clean their sarspans afore givin 'em to be mended.

*Slo.* But when I left he was here.

*Dog.* And now he's somewhere else—there, don't 'rasperate me; don't you see I'm at work.

*Re-enter* JONQUIL, L. U. E.

*Jon.* [*Gaily.*] Landlord! landlord! [*Comes down stage,* L. *clinking money in his hand.*] Where's the landlord? This is the music we all dance to.

*Dog.* [*Seated on side-bench tinkering.*] Are the pigs done?

*Jon.* To a turn. [*Leans over* DOGBRIAR.] What are you about? I call that making a hole, not mending one.

*Dog.* [*Slily.*] I does as my betters does—Whenevever I'm called in to mend one hole, I gives the inside a scrape here an' there—this

fashin', [*scrapes,*] so by the time I comes that way agin there's sure to be two or three more wants mendin'. That's politics, that is, and what I calls gettin' your your feed out of other folks' sarsepins.

[JUDY *comes down stage.* L., *touches* SLOEBERRY *roughly on the shoulder. The latter is seated, her head bent as in a reverie, her fingers moving dreamily over tambourine.*

*Judy.* [*Harshly.*] Come, dance!

*Slo.* [*Rising.*] Not now—not now.

*Judy.* Not now! nonsense! [*Indicating Villagers.*] Money's made where fools are thickest. Give 'em the dance that used to go so well at Jupiter Jonquil's theayter. The gay one.

*Slo.* Gay! [*She rattles tamborine.*] My heart is like lead.

*Villagers.* [*Male and female, coming down stage.*] A dance! a dance!

SLOEBERRY *dances a short, bright, fantastic Spanish dance.* DOGBRIAR *beating time upon frying pan. While she is dancing,* JONQUIL, *who has gone out at back, re-enters hurriedly.*

*Jon.* Maurice! Maurice Warner married! Impossible!

*There is a confused movement among the* VILLAGERS, *who draw back on either side as* LADY CAMILLA HAILSTONE, MISS PLACIDA POYNTZ, MAURICE WARNER, *and* MAYBUSH *enter from Church porch* L. U. E. LADY CAMILLA *is now closely veiled: as she comes down stage,* SLOEBERRY, *who in her dance has approached her, drops tamborine with a cry.*

*Sloe.* Married! [*She staggers back, her eyes fixed on* LADY CAMILLA, *and pressing her hand on her heart, leans for support against table.*

*Lady C.* [*Centre of stage to* MAURICE.] And now, sir, we part, never to meet again. For the service you have rendered, in this pocket-book you will find a sufficient recognition. [*She extends pocket-book, which* MAURICE *takes mechanically; he seems like one completely fascinated—his manner strangely bewildered, his eyes rivetted, as it were, upon the veil that conceals* CAMILLA'S *face.*] Farewell, sir. [MAURICE *is about to speak, she stops him by a cold gesture of command.*] I depart unquestioned—we part—and forever. [*She moves up stage, pausing only to throw a small purse to* MAYBUSH, *then sweeping past the curtseying and bowing* VILLAGERS, *goes off with* PLACIDA POYNTZ, L. U. E.

*Jon.* [*Placing hand on the shoulder of* MAURICE, *who still stands immoveable, his eyes fixed on the place where* CAMILLA *had been standing, as though to him she were still there. The pocket-book has dropped from his hand, and lies at his feet.*] Maurice! rouse yourself! are you dreaming?

*Mau.* [*Starts.*] Dreaming! true, it is a dream.

*Dog.* [*Approaches with glass of spirits.*] Take a drop o' this, Maurice.

MAURICE *takes it in the same dreamy, mechanical way with which he had taken the pocket-book; then, without looking at it, places it—to the wide astonishment of* MR. DOGBRIAR *on table.*

*Dog.* [R.] Well, I never!

*Jon.* [L., *who has picked up pocket-book.*] Come.

*Mau.* [C., *with sudden energy.*] Yes! you are in the right; let us push on. [*Hurriedly re-slinging knapsack, &c.*] As for the landlord—

*Jon.* He's paid.

*Mau.* Come then! the air of the place is stifling. [*to* DOGBRIAR, *as he goes up stage.*] We shall meet on the road.

*The two friends exeunt at back—in the road* MAURICE WARNER *halts for a moment, and leaning upon the staff he carries, gazes earnestly in the direction taken by* LADY CAMILLA—JONQUIL *again touches him upon the shoulder, and, with a gesture as of utter bewilderment,* MAURICE *turns, and they go off quickly,* R. U. E.

*Judy.* [*Down stage,* R., *to* DOGBRIAR.] So Maurice is really married.

*Dog.* Ah! I knew he'd come to no good. Mat'er'mony is like a chark pit, easy enough to tumble into, but precious hard to get out on. [*To* SLOEBERRY.] Come Sloe, we'd best be trudgin, too.

*They move slowly up stage,* R., *and exeunt—there is again heard the rolling of wheels and cracking of whips.*

*Enter* SIR JAMES *and* SIR PHILIP HAILSTONE, *hurriedly from* L. U. E.

*Sir Phil.* [*Sharply as they enter*] Which is the landlord here?

*May.* [*Bowing*] At your service.

*Sir Phil.* Has a lady—a young and beautiful lady stopped here?

*May.* They ha' but this moment departed.

*Sir Phil.* [*With triumph.*] I knew we should overtake them.

[*They are going quickly up stage, when* MAYBUSH *produces a sealed paper.*

*May.* She left this for any as moight enquire for her.

*Sir Phil.* [*Snatching paper.*] Give it me! [*Tearing it open.*] I—this gentleman is her uncle. [*He glances at paper.*] A marriage certificate! this is folly! worse! much worse! it is ruin.

*Tableau*—SIR JAMES *fallen in chair,* L., *his face hidden in his hands*—PHILIP HAILSTONE, R., *leaning against table, his face expressing rage and disappointment*—MAYBUSH *a little up stage, cap in hand—at back,* DOGBRIAR, JUDY, *and* SLOEBERRY—*former on donkey.*

## ACT II—SCENE I.

*A Scene in the Lake District. The foreground, an interior of abbey ruins, very picturesque, but in the last stage of crumbling decay—the ruins must be very open in their effect, to give a broad view of the lake, which, broken by creek and promontory, stretches away in placid beauty to base of mountains that rise gradually in precipice and gorge, until crowned by the peak of Skiddaw—sky blue and cloudless, general effect very bright and sunny, so as to give prominence to the mountain peaks—the curtain rises upon an empty stage—merry music heard as from unseen musicians among ruins—then a confusion of voices, and from every side comes crowding upon stage a gay company of* LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN, *all in elegant, some in fanciful toilet, many of the ladies wear an archery costume, and a few of the gentlemen are in yachting dress—the whole entrance very bright and animated. Every effort should be made to give this scene the appearance of haut ton.*

*Major.* Who has won the silver arrow?

*A Lady.* [*In archery costume.*] Lady Roseville.

*Shrimp.* But where is Lady Camilla, the queen of the fete?

*Several Voices.* Here! she's here!

*Music.—The crowd at back slowly divides to give passage to* LADY CAMILLA HAILSTONE, *who, accompanied by* LADY ROSEVILLE, MISS PLACIDA POYNTZ, SIR PHILIP *and* SIR THOMAS KENDAL, *comes down from stage,* R. U. E. LADY CAMILLA'S *toilet is very elegant, and somewhat fanciful, befitting a fashionable fete champetre.* LADY ROSEVILLE *wears a rich archery costume.* MISS PLACIDA, *attired in dove-colored silk—no crinoline —appearance calm, stiff, and angular.*

*Lady C.* [*Who carries a small silver arrow.*] The prize is fairly yours, Lady Roseville. [*Giving arrow.*] Diana herself could not have bent a bow better, nor sent an arrow truer to the mark.

*Lady R.* It might have been otherwise had Lady Camilla deigned to enter the lists.

*Lady C.* [*Laughs.*] She would most assuredly have been conquered, for, were I to take to archery, I should shoot as blindly as the little love god himself.

*Shrimp.* [*He always speaks with a simper.*] Ah! Lady Camilla, which of us has not already been struck by one of those wandering shafts?

*Lady C.* If Captain Shrimpton receives no deeper wounds, war will, indeed, prove to him the most innocent of pastimes. [*To* PLACIDA] Well, my most placid Placida, why are you so grave? Is there aught in our fete that offends you?

*Miss P.* Oh! Lady Camilla! what pleases others, must please me —I know my position, yet——

*Lady C.* [*Very kindly.*] Yet what?

*Miss P.* As I am called upon to speak, I think a little economy, [*All laugh.*] Oh! I apologise, it is my duty to do so—and I apologise.

*Lady C.* [*Laughs.*] For what?

*Miss P.* For venturing an opinion. Speech is silver, but silence is gold, says the proverb.

*Lady C.* [*Quick—aside to* MISS PLACIDA.] You at least have found it so. [*Aloud, with change of manner, and turning to* MAJOR LUMLEY.] We are impatient for the regatta these gentlemen have promised us.

*Major.* [*Pointing to lake—upon which several small pleasure yachts appear at a distance.*] There are the boats, in a few minutes they will be here. [*A merry confusion of voices,* L. U. E.

*Shrimp.* [*Coming down.*] A fortune-teller!. perfect Mother Shipton —red cloak—brown face—everything as it should be.

RED JUDY *appears at back,* L. U. E., *surrounded by ladies.*

LADY R. [*To* LADY CAMILLA.] Another pleasant surprise! Your fete is perfect, my dear.

*Lady C.* A surprise of which I am ignorant of the author—but of which I shall not hesitate to take advantage. [*Gaily.*] Come who is anxious to know what the future has in store for them?

*Sir Phil.* [*Shrugs shoulders and slightly glances at* LADY CAMILLA.] But few I should think.

*Lady C.* [*Shakes fingers.*] You said that with the air of a Mephistopheles You are no believer in destiny, Sir Philip?

*Sir Philip.* [R., *laughs.*] We are the makers of our own, as the old poet says—

"Our *acts* our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

[*Turns to* LADY CAMILLA .] What is your opinion, cousin?

*Lady C.* I have none to offer. Folly is the malady of youth.

*Major.* For which experience is the only doctor.

*Lady C.* A doctor whom we generally call in too late.

*Sir Phil.* Lady Camilla speaks bitterly.

*Major.* For one so young, and, pardon me, so happy.

*Lady C.* [*Seriously, then with sudden change of manner.*] Young! happy! [*Gaily, and takes* MAJOR LUMLEY'S *arm.*] Ah! Major it is sometimes the greatest of errors to reckon life by years; or happiness by smiles.

[*Music.*

*The company move up stage, and off,* R. U. E.—*there is soft music as from boats on water—front of stage left clear as* SLOEBERRY *enters* R. I E., *followed by* DOGBRIAR *carrying a target and some arrows.*

*Dog.* [R.] Not pick up things which you see lying 'mong the grass! Well, I am surprised! Why you don't put yourself up to be better nor the birds—do you?

*Sloe.* [L.] Is it honest, father?

*Dog.* Is it what? Go away! [*Reproachfully.*] I'm ashamed on you—I am—people as is pitched into this world with no such provision as silver spoons is obligated to borrow some one-else's—it's needcesity and its natur.

*Sloe.* I'd rather work.

*Dog.* Don't 'rasperate me! Work's like treacle, too much of it at first an' you detest it ever arterwards. [*Seats himself on frayment of ruin,* R *takes a cold fowl out of his pocket and begins to eat, cutting off fragments with clasp knife.*] There's one thing in these feet sham-peters as I can't abear. It's the wittals—lots o' hices, jellies and such like nastyness, which ain't at all to my goot. If I were a sham-peter, [*digs fowl with knife*] or any other peter, and 'ad chice of a dish—it ud be herrins and rum. The one clings to t'other, and the flayviour's dee-licious. [*Looking up, he sees* SLOEBERRY *who is leaning against portion of wall,* L,, *her face hidden in her hands.*] There's that girl again. [*Rises impatiently.*] She's all a heart like a summer cabbage. [*Crosses to* SLOEBERRY—*he shakes her roughly but kindly.*] Give over; you're moping after that Maurice I know you are.

*Sloe.* I can't forget him.

*Dog.* Yet it's more nor a twelvemoonth since we've lost sight of him—well you ain't like the rest o' your sect.

*Sloe.* [*Sadly.*] He's dead

*Dog* Then what's the use o' cryin'? Crying' wont bring folks out o' their graves or it wouldn't be so much in fashion. I've lost a father, mother, and heaps o' brothers, but, bless yer, I never cried for none of 'em. It's true I don't belong to the female specious.

As for Maurice, I did hear as 'ow he and Hyacint' had gone to paint 'mong them furrineers as lives abroad, but it's a rummer as want's cobobberation. Come, cheer up! you've laid the dust pretty well for once. Why what's that! [*He strikes an attitude of intense surprise as his eyes rest upon a light lace scarf which has been forgotten on projection of ruins,* L.] A something more left for the birds—shameful! [*Crosses* R. *and twitches it down.*] It's a scurf.

*Sloe.* [*Endeavoring to prevent him.*] What are you doing?

*Dog.* Doing! 'caven helps them as 'elps themselves. [*Buttons pocket.*] So I 'elps myself to what I can, which is natur' and feelosophy.

*Sloe.* [*Imploringly.*] But, father——.

*Dog.* Don't rasperate me. There's company a comin'. [*Music—*LADY CAMILLA, *&c., &., appearing among ruins at back;* R. U. E.] Some on 'em are young an' 'andsome, and in coorse want's their fortins told. Give the best o' fortins to them as pays the best. The lines in a hand that holds the money can't be hard lines you know. [*He gives her an encouraging push as she moves slowly and reluctantly over to* COMPANY, L., *then himself quickly crossing stage.*] I wonder what's become of Judy? [*Looks off,* R.] There she is, lookin' as lively as a howl on a stick. [*Exit,* R. 1 E.

*Lady C.* [*As she comes down,* C.] The oracle is a blind one—even the past is as great a mystery to her as the future is to us.

*Sloe.* [*Who has started at first sound of* LADY CAMILLA'S *voice, stands transfixed—aside.*] It is the lady of the inn.

*Sir Phil.* [*Indicating* SLOEBERRY.] This should be another prophetess, whose eyes are bright enough to disturb a future, even though they may fail to read one.

*Shrimp.* [L. C.] A delicious little witch, really.

*Lady C.* [C.] Come hither, pretty one, can you read the future?

*Sloe.* [*Approaches slowly,* L.] I can hazard a guess.

*Lady C.* [*Smiles.*] We most of us do that—come nearer, and I will cross your hand with gold, but my future must prove a happy one.

*Sloe.* Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady. [*She draws back a little as* LADY CAMILLA *extends her hand.*] If I read the riddle it must be for your ear alone.

*Lady C* [*Laughs.*] As you will. [*To company.*] Retire for a moment, I entreat of you, [*All retire up.*] my seer, at least, understands one secret of her trade, and clothes herself in mystery.

*Sloe.* [*Aside.*] I cannot be mistaken in the voice.

*Lady C.* [*Who has come down stage,* R., *again extends hand.*] Read, child, and read quickly.

*Sloe.* [*Takes her hand.*] The past?

*Lady C.* [*Good humoredly.*] As you will—but first—[*gives piece of money.*]

*Sloe.* A hand full of mystery!

*Lady C.* Unravel it.

*Sloe.* [*Traces line with finger.*]

This line, if well followed, should good fortune bring;
It crosses a church porch—yet I see *no* ring.

*She touches significantly the marriage finger, and at the same moment raises her eyes to* LADY CAMILLA.

*Lady C.* [*Snatches away hand.*] Insolent! [*Crosses to* L.]

*Sloe.* [R.] The thorn it is felt—let it rankle and smart
In hand that has wed without thought of the heart.

*She tosses the piece of money at the feet of* LADY CAMILLA, *and exits* R. 1 E.—*The company come down and surround* LADY CAMILLA, *and laughing at the same moment*—MAJOR LUMLEY *and* SIR THOMAS KENDAL *also descend stage.*

*Major L. and Sir Thos.* [*Speaking together.*] The Yachts! the yachts!

*Sir Thos.* [L.] We only await Lady Camilla to give the signal for the start.

*Major L.* [R., *to* LADY CAMILLA.] May I claim your promise?

LADY CAMILLA, *who has made a movement as to detain* SLOEBERRY, *has recovered by a powerful, yet to the audience perceptible, effort, her composure—she speaks with a gaiety that is forced, yet unnoticed by all but* SIR PHILIP, *whose eyes never quit her.*

*Lady C.* I entrust myself to your safe keeping, Major.

[*About to take* MAJOR LUMLEY'S *arm, when* PLACIDA *interposes.*

*Miss P.* I know I am wrong to venture an opinion—I feel that persons in a subordinate position—

*Lady C.* [*With some impatience.*] Well, Placida?

*Miss P.* I would advise the regatta be postponed for——

*All.* [*In protest.*] Oh!

*Miss P.* [*Points to a thin silvery cloud that has descended upon the peak of Skiddaw.*] I was born in the Lake districts—and that cloud betokens—

*Major.* Nothing; but that old Skiddaw chooses to wear a night cap.

*Miss P.* [*With cold dignity.*] I made no allusion to nightcaps; and I trust no allusion will be made to anything of the kind in my presence. [*Turns up stage.*

*Lady C.* I will not be frightened from my jaunt. Come, Major. [*Takes* LUMLEY'S *arm, and moves up stage; as she passes* PLACIDA, *who stands frigid and cold—a statue of virgin modesty—she speaks in rapid aside.*] That girl! that fortune teller! seek her.

*Miss P.* [*In strong astonishment.*] I!

*Lady C.* [*Same tone*] I must see her. [*To* MAJOR LUMLEY—*thorough change of manner.*] What is the name of the yacht, Major?

*Major.* The Lady of the Lake! But from this day it will bear another title—the Lady Camilla!

[*They go up stage and off at back,* R. U. E.

*Sir Phil.* So my lady cousin will not yet conquer her aversion to me. Ours is certainly a very curious family. By her father's will she was to enter into possession of her estates on attaining her twenty-first year—only—if married. My father—her guardian—naturally anxious that the property should not go out of the family,

destined me for the happy man. The important anniversary arrived, so did the bridegroom. The parson was ready, but the bride emphatically said "No!" My father raged like a tempest. The quarrel was a fierce one, and finished by Sir James locking up his refractory ward. A night's reflection, he said, would put another aspect on the matter. It did; for when the cage was opened, the bird had flown. We traced her to a village some thirty miles from here—and there found—a marriage certificate! Who can the husband be? By the description some strolling vagabond, who has had at least the grace to keep out of the way. More than twelve months of anxious search on my part has failed to discover his whereabouts. No wonder that Lady Camilla's pride writhes beneath the consciousness of such an alliance. Her fear that this marriage should become known has enabled me to retain the management of her estates—and she would willingly give half of them to undo the folly she has done. The husband once found, the divorce becomes a mere question of price, and I, who now hold a mastery through her fears, may put in a yet stronger claim upon her gratitude.

[SHRIMPTON *comes down stage*, C.

*Shrimp.* A dance! a dance! ladies and gentlemen, during her absence, the queen of the *fête* has delegated her power into my hands, [*seizing* SIR PHILIP,] and I allow no desertion—choose a partner, Sir Philip.

*Sir Phil.* [*Aside.*] Hang the fellow! [*Aloud.*] My choice is made. [*Bowing with exagerated politeness.*] If Miss Placida ——

*Miss P.* I dance; I know my place, Sir Philip.

*Sir Phil.* Then let us take it. [*As they move up stage.*] But the yachts?

*Shrimp.* [*With a gesture towards lake.*] Are no longer visible, they have rounded the point—Lumley's first. [*Waving hand as signal to musicians off stage.*] The remembrance of so many bright eyes and twinkling feet should make glad the heart of these old ruins for years.

*A dance—while the dance continues the clouds gather gradually around Skiddaw, till at last the peak is entirely hidden—a flash of lightning darts from the cap of the cloud, a peal of thunder follows—the* DANCERS *start apart, and the* LADIES *utter some cries of alarm; but* SIR PHILIP, CAPTAIN SHRIMPTON, *and the* GENTLEMEN *laugh at their fears. The dance proceeds, the music continues its exhilarating strains, while ever and anon breaks in between the bars the diapason of the distant thunder—suddenly as instinctively, all the* DANCERS *huddle in groups, the music ceases, a black veil shuts out the distant scenery, flash after flash of lightning succeed each other, followed by peals of thunder—heavy rains; the* LADIES *are flying for shelter on either side, when suddenly a shout arises from the back,* "The yachts! the yachts!"

*Sir Phil.* [R. *at back—he is standing on a huge fragment of ruin, and points out on disturbed surface of lake.*] Lumley's boat is on the rocks.

*Shrimp.* She's off again.

*Sir Phil.* No, the wind catches her. [*There is a low murmur of alarm.* They're in the water. [PLACIDA *and other* LADIES *rushing up stage.*] Lady Camilla! Lady Camilla!

*Sir Phil.* [*Who springs to higher part of ruins.*] A man leaps into the water! He has reached her! bravely done—she is safe!

*Here follows a shout as of great relief*—SIR PHILIP *springs down from his elevation as the crowd separate, and gives passage to* MAURICE WARNER, *who carries in his arms* LADY CAMILLA *insensible—he is followed by* HYASINTH JONQUIL, *who has on his back an artist's knapsack and sketching apparatus, and another knapsack, that of* MAURICE *in his hand—the appearance both of* MAURICE *and* HYACINTH JONQUIL *is greatly changed from first act—*MAURICE *has a higher, nobler look—both wear short beard and moustache,* JONQUIL *red or sandy, and with cloth blouse, belt and cap have the appearance of poor foreign students—*PLACIDA, LADY ROSEVILLE, *&c., take charge of* LADY CAMILLA, *whom they put in a reclining position,* R. 2 E., *and give restoratives, chafing hands and temples—*MAURICE *stands in* C. *of stage, his eyes rivited as by fascination upon the pale face of* LADY CAMILLA—SLOEBERRY *entering quickly,* R. 1 E., *is crossing up stage when her eyes fall upon* WARNER.

*Sloe.* Maurice! [*She checks herself, as with a quick movement of recognition* MAURICE *raises his finger to his lips.*

*Sloe.* [*Aside.*] Returned at last.

JONQUIL *draws her a little aside, as* SIR PHILIP *crosses to* MAURICE—*Exit* JONQUIL *and* SLOEBERRY *into ruins,* R. 1 E.

*Sir Phil.* How can we sufficiently reward the service you have rendered?

*Mau.* By forgetting it. [*He is turning away.*

*Sir Phil.* Pardon me; but—[*hesitates—then with a glance at* MAURICE'S *dress*]—you are poor!

*Mau.* [*Quickly.*] Pardon *me*—my friend and I are rich. [*Noticing* SIR PHILIP'S *incredulous stare.*] That is, we have enough for our wants, and neither beg nor borrow from our neighbors. [*Turns abruptly away, and disappears in crowd after* HYACINTH *and* SLOEBERRY, R. 2 E.

*Lady C.* [*Rising slowly.*] Where is he?

*Lady R.* Who?

*Lady C.* My brave preserver.

*Sir P.* Gone, cousin!

*Lady C.* And unrewarded! such bravery deserves a liberal recompense. [*to* PLACIDA.] You saw him?

*Miss P.* No; in my fright I had eyes for no face but your own.

*Lady C.* [*Pressing her hand.*] My good Placida! [*to* SIR PHILIP.] Find him, Philip, and bring him to the ball—he will not at least refuse my thanks.

SIR PHILIP *bows and offers the support of his arm to his cousin; they go up and off stage, which becomes gradually clear,* L. U. E. *The veil that has shrouded mountain has been lifting since* MAURICE'S *entrance with* LADY C. MAURICE *re-enters,* R. 2 E., *with* JONQUIL—*he pauses in centre of stage, and gazes after retreating figures, then with a hurried movement of the hand to forehead, and a sigh, as of deep pain, he turns to* JONQUIL.

*Mau.* [L.] Am I waking—or is this but a repetition of the ever-haunting dream?

*Jon.* [R.] Dream?

*Mau.* What other name for that which has no waking life—no substance—nothing that even the mind can grasp—a vision of beauty more fleeting than the passing cloud, whose shadow only rests upon the earth.

*Jon.* [*Sadly.*] You recognized her at once?

*Mau.* Recognized—is her's a face to be forgotten?

*Jon.* A strange chance our coming here.

*Mau.* It is such chances that shape the destinies of men. Our feet have scarcely again touched English ground, when—Bah! why waste thought upon a vision, no sooner seen than it is gone—like yonder vapory veil, that is rolling so swiftly away from the crest of Skiddaw. [*He snatches up knapsack.*] Come, Hyacinth; our way lies back again to London.

*Jon.* All ways are alike to me—as long as we journey together.

*Mau.* To London then! at least we may there find fame, fortune——

*Jon.* [*Gaily.*] And happiness. See, the clouds are gone! [*He points to the mountains, on which the sunbeams are again beginning to glitter.*] Accept the omen—Come! [*He grasps* MAURICE'S *hand, and they are moving to side,* R. 1 E., *when* DOGBRIAR *appears,* R. 1 E., *his arms loaded with empty champagne bottles, &c.; as he enters he comes full face with* MAURICE, *and starts back, letting fall his load in great surprise.*

*Dog* Maurice!! Why I took yer for a couple o' ghosts, that I did. Ouf! you've given me quite a flirtation o' the heart. [*He crosses to* JONQUIL, *while* MAURICE, *as one lost in a reverie, has fallen a little back leaning against pillar and looking off stage, up stage,* L.—R. *to* JONQUIL.] Where 'ave you been?

*Jon.* [*Laughs.*] Travelling.

*Dog.* Ah, it's a great thing to travel, as my old father used to say; an' he used to do his thirty mile a day reg'lar, [*aside*] on the tread-mill. [*Aloud.*] What 'ave you been up to abroad?

*Jon.* Picking up all sorts of things.

*Dog.* [*Quickly.*] Walables, I 'ope?

*Jon.* [*Laughs.*] I hope so.

*Dog.* 'Cos idleness isn't good for nobody, it's like rust to a knife, it spiles the polish, an' takes off the sharpness of the blade. So my father used to say, and he was a feelosopher.

*Jon.* [*Fastening strap of knapsack.*] Did he make money?

*Dog.* He died in the work'us. He used to call it the 'ouse 'o peers, becos, says he, you've nothink else to do but sit quiet, and be fed by the nation. It was a 'appy end. [*Picking up bottle.*] Now for the refugees. [*Crosses to* L., *he is chasing a bottle which rolls before him, when his gaze is suddenly attracted by something that lies upon the ground, close to where* LADY CAMILLA *has been reclining.*] 'Art alive! it's a ring [*Snatching it up.*] On'y to think 'o the carelessness 'o some people. [*He is about to thrust it into his pocket, when* MAURICE'S *hand is laid upon his shoulder.*

*Mau.* [R] Dogbriar, that ring must be returned to its owner.

*Dog.* [C.] Owner! I'm its owner.

*Mau.* [*Firmly.*] Give it me.

*Dog.* Give it you! You're jokin'! Dimunds isn't dew drops, and ain't to be found on every blade o' grass.

*Mau.* I will have it. [*They struggle for a moment.* MAURICE *wrests the ring from* DOGBRIAR, *and throws him back some paces just as* SHRIMPTON, *enters* L.

*Shrimp.* [*To* MAURICE.] I am requested to bring you to the hall. Lady Camilla Hailstone would see and thank her preserver.

*Mau.* [*Aside to* JONQUIL] Why should I struggle against fate. The wish is *her's*, not mine. [*Gently putting aside* JONQUIL'S *hand as the latter endeavors to detain him, he advances towards* SHRIMPTON *slightly raising cap.*] At your service, sir, I will see this lady.

*Enter* SERVANT, L.

SER. Lady Camilla Hailstone has lost a valuable ring, which——

*Dog.* [*With savage energy.*] A dimund! *He* stole it. [*Pointing to* MAURICE—*indignant movement on part of* JONQUIL, *which* MAURICE *represses.—Tableau close in.*

## SCENE II.

*First grooves—A Wooded Lane. View of lake, and Skiddaw also seen through trees. A portion of Hailstone Hall, very picturesque. A rough-looking tent, painted under tree,* L.

JUDY *comes on* L. *hurriedly, followed by* SLOEBERRY. *The former is speaking testily as she enters.*

*Judy.* Returned! of course he's returned; some folk are like the roomatiz, they never leaves you for long—Is he comin' to see me?

*Sloe.* I don't know.

*Judy.* I shouldn't wonder if he didn't—he's like his father—who had more pride than pence; Gentleman Warner, we used to call him in the theayter—his hand was ever in his pocket for some one, so he'd soon none left for himself.

*Sloe.* And Maurice's mother?

*Judy.* Poor creetur! she wur one o' your 'ot'ouse plants; natur', in the rough state, wur too much for her; she never liked our life, and our life didn't like her.

*Sloe.* She should have left it.

*Judy.* So she did—she died! 'Twas the first chance she had, an' she took it.

*Sloe.* And Maurice. Did she make no provision for him?

*Judy.* [*Seeing herself at side*] In course she did. Just afore she died she called me to her bedside—"Mrs. McCann," says she, for she'd real quality manners, and always gave the name complete—"Mrs. McCann, there's Maurice!" "I see him and I hear him," says I, for he was crying like mad. "Will you an' Mr. Jonquil purtect him!" says she. I pulled up a moment fore answering; when, with her lips all of a tremble, she ketches at my hand. "You won't! then heaven help my unfort'nit child, for he's no friend on earth!" 'Twas then old Jupiter Jonquil, who'd been listenin all the time, broke in—"I'll never desert Maurice!" says he—"he shall have a bit of my crust while I've got it; and as for eddication, I'll make a painter of him."

DOGBRIAR, *who has entered*, L. 1. E.

*Dog.* Edication. Maurice's edication! It's a rum un—to let such a chance as we had just now slip through his fingers. My parients never taught me sich conduct.

*Sloe.* What chance?

*Dog.* It's no odds, but I'll be even with him. [*Crossing* C. *to* JUDY.] I s'pose you've bin tellin' little Sloe some of your secrets.

*Judy.* [R., *gruffly.*] You suppose wrong as usual.

*Dog.* All the better—a secret's like a shirt; when you ain't used to it, it only worrits yer and makes yer feel uncomfortable. [*To* JUDY.] But why don't you go on wi' your discoorsin? There's no one goin' to lay an inflammation agin you.

*Judy.* I was tellin' her what Jupiter Jonquil said when——

*Dog.* I heerd yer. And what did the poor creature reply?

*Judy.* Nothing. Her voice had gone—but you should have seen the look she gave him.

*Dog.* Savage?

*Judy.* A look that said, Bless yer! plainer than lips could speak. Then, when he was gone, she put one of her thin hands under her pillar, and gave me——

*Dog.* [*Eagerly.*] What?

*Judy.* [*As recollecting herself.*] It wasn't money, and so it ain't got no interest for you. [*Crosses to* L.; *she takes pipe from pocket and turns away muttering and mumbling as she fills it, while* DOGBRIAR, *who has come close to her, speaks in his most insinuating manner*—SLOEBERRY *a little up stage, listens eagerly.*

*Dog.* Was it anything in the shape of a momentum?

*Judy.* What's that?

*Dog,* A something to remember her by.

*Judy.* She twined some of her beautiful hair round the infant's neck—that's all.

*Dog.* [*With much disgust.*] Hair! what's the good o' hair? Everybody has hair; I see no use in a momentum like that.

*Judy.* She did'nt leave no other—so that point 's settled.

*Dog.* Is it? Well, *you* won't die of to much gorillity. [*Taking bottle from his pocket—drinks, and hands it to* JUDY.] Squench your feelins.

*Judy.* I'll take a sip. [*She drinks, till to* DOGBRIAR'S *horror, the bottle assumes a perpendicular position, as though she were balancing it on her nose.*]

*Dog.* [*Whose face has sunk from fear to despair.*] Sip. [*Taking bottle.* You haven't lost your powers o' suction. You've gone into the business in the wholesale line. [*Holding empty bottle to light.*] Great reduction made in takin' a quantity. [*Putting it in pocket.*] Sloe, have you got such a thing as a comb about yer? Thank'ee; now I'll just borrow a wusp o' straw from the rick yonder, and go down to the pond at the bottom o' the lane.

*Judy.* What for?

*Dog.* [*With dignity.*] To make my twy-light.

*Judy.* [*Contemptuously.*] Why're making a dandy o' yourself?

*Dog.* I'm goin' up to the 'all. I've an account to settle with Mister Maurice Warner. Sarve out to others the same allowance they sarves out to you—that's *my* fee-losophy. [*He crosses stage to* R., *when* SLOEBERRY *catches him by the arm—she is greatly agitated.*]

*Slo.* Maurice!—Maurice! at the ball! Why has he gone there? Oh, tell me!

*Dog.* [R., *in much surprise at her excitement.*] Because he was sent for

*Slo.* By her?

*Dog.* Her!—who?

*Slo.* His wife?

*She covers her face with her hands*—DOGBRIAR *starts back, open-mouthed, while* JUDY, *as moved by a steel spring, rises to her feet*—JUDY, R.

*Both.* Wife!

*Dog.* [*Recovering himself with a prolonged whistle.*] Phew! here's a kettle o' fish! [*moving quickly to side*] and I'll be in at the cookin'! [*pushes her roughly aside, and exits,* R 1 E., *followed slowly by* JUDY *and* SLOEBERRY, *the head of latter sunk on* JUDY'S *shoulder,* R. 1 E.

## SCENE III.

*Hailstone Hall. Glass doors opening out upon lawn, doors* L. *and* R.—*Picturesque view of lake; in extreme distance., Skiddaw*—LADY CAMILLA HAILSTONE *reclining on couch down stage,* R.—*change of costume and arrangement of hair*—SIR PHILIP *stands near foot of couch, one hand resting upon small table, in the other he holds some papers and a parchment.*]

*Sir Phil.* [*With irritation,* L. C.] You refuse to sign these papers?

*Lady C.* [*Calmly.*] I refuse.

*Sir P.* [*Struggling to repress temper.*] May I ask your reasons?

*Lady C.* [*Rising slightly into a half sitting posture, and fixing her eyes steadily upon* SIR PHILIP'S *angry face.*] You shall hear them: by signing these papers, which Mr. Fussel, your agent, has drawn up, I give that gentleman an undue authority over a large portion of my estates.

*Sir Phil.* [I begin to understand—you would assume the entire authority.

*Lady C.* [*Rising to her feet.*] Assume! Have I not the right?

*Sir Phil.* [When you have found a husband!

CAMILLA *is silent*—SIR PHILIP *continues to speak; he leans over back of chair—his expression that of mockery and triumph.*

*Sir Phil.* That husband exists—granted. Find him—why not? Proclaim him! [*Movement on the part of* LADY CAMILLA.] The husband of Lady Camilla has only to be known for fashion to throw wide open her doors, and society to prostrate at his feet!

*Lady C.* [*With much dignity.*] Forbear, sir! To possess a power and misuse it is worse than cruelty—it is cowardice!

*Sir Phil.* [*Change of manner.*] Pardon me! My excuse——

*Lady C.* I dispense with. [*Moving a little down stage.*] Our interview is at an end.

*Sir Phil.* [*Hesitates, then with an impassioned gesture.*] Camilla! Cousin! [*Turns away as* SIR PHILIP *comes down stage.*] Have I not kept your secret?

*Lady C.* [*Turning upon him with cold disdain*] For such silence have I not paid the price? The discovery of the secret would—I own it—bow my head to the very earth with shame; but it would also leave you a beggar. [*Movement on part of* SIR PHILIP.] Nay, I must not be choice of phrase. It is time the mask should fall.

*Sir Phil.* But fall for us alone. [*Sarcastically.*] It is the world's verdict that you dread—the world's opinion that you fear.

*Lady C.* And if I answer yes to that? Is there one among us, woman or man, who does not live in daily—in hourly fear of this world's Argus eyes and deadly tongue. What is this society of which we talk so much? A despot, whose smile is fame, whose frown is death? We would shroud ourselves in mystery, but the blank walls have a hundred ears, a hundred crevices, through which a hundred eyes peep in. The world is ever about us—all we do—all we say,—nay, almost all we think is noted down by a myriad of unseen spies—a book compiled by Jealousy and revised by malice, then passed from hand to hand and published by our friends; such, Philip, is the world of which we form a part.

*Sir Phil.* [*Anxiously.*] Would you brave it, cousin?

*Lady C.* [*After a pause.*] No; I will not seek to conceal the misery—the shame—that my headstrong folly has brought upon me.

*Sir Phil.* Camilla! Camilla! there is yet hope. Confide in my love, and——[*he endeavors to take her hand—she draws quickly back.*

*Lady C.* Your love!

*Sir Phil.* [*With increasing fervor.*] Must I ever repeat that I love you! fondly! madly! that——

*Lady C.* [*With dignity.*] Silence! sir, I command your silence! I have a husband—you at least know that.

*Sir P.* [*Quickly and eagerly watching her face.*] Suppose I prove that husband dead?

*Lady C.* Dead!

*Sir Phil.* I can! I will! [*The door* R. *is thrown suddenly open, and* MAURICE WARNER *enters, preceded by* SERVANT.

*Servant.* [*Coming a little down stage.*] The person Lady Camilla desired to see. [LADY CAMILLA, *much agitated by* SIR PHILIP'S *words, bows slightly, but does not immediately turn her head—exit* SERVANT.

*Sir P.* [*Going up stage, with assumed gaiety.*] I leave you for a moment, cousin, we will speak again upon this matter when this gentleman [*he bows to* MAURICE] has departed. [*Exit* L. *door.*

*Lady C.* [L, *by an effort, conquering her emotion.*] You must pardon

me, sir, if I have been somewhat tardy in my thanks, but—[*She turns, and sees* MAURICE, *who stands up stage—pale and motionless—fixed as a statue With a cry of mingled surprise and fear,* LADY CAMILLA *starts back, and leans for support against couch.*

*Mau.* [R.] It is at your request, madam, I am here.

*Lady C.* [*She speaks with difficulty.*] I was not aware—

*Mau.* [*Bitterly.*] To *whom* your message was addressed, or doubless, gratitude would have given way to prudence, and the service been forgotten in seeking to forget the man.

*Lady C.* Sir! I—

*Mau.* You have no cause for alarm, madam. I come to return you the ring. [*Crossing to table on which he places ring.*] My promise was that, save at your request, you should not look upon my face again. At that request I now stand here. [*Coming a little down stage.*] I read my welcome in that quivering lip, in those averted eyes, and bow before your wish, though not expressed in words. [*Going to door,* R. 3 E.] Farewell.

*Lady C.* [*Faintly.*] Stay! oh? stay! [MAURICE *pauses by door, his hand upon lock.*] You must not leave me thus! I would—[*she hesitates.*] And yet I dare not speak of reward to you.

*Mau.* [*Indignantly.*] Reward! [*With sudden change of tone and manner, he comes down stage.*] And yet there is one reward that I would dare to claim, a reward so vast to me, so slight to you that to grant it would be a charity beyond my poor desert, while to refuse it would be a cruelty of which even your cold heart should be incapable.

*Lady C.* [*After a pause.*] Name it.

*Mau.* Let me stand thus, and gaze upon your beauty, and while with greedy ears I drink in the music of your voice, give fresh color to that unfading image which you have stamped upon my heart.

*Lady C.* [*Drawing back with hauteur.*] This is madness!

*Mau,* Believe it so! and, in the passing visions of his fancy, permit the madman to forget his chain.

*Lady C.* [*Coldly.*] You *must* forget.

*Mau.* Ah! if you did but know how I have sought forgetfulness—sought it in the wild debauch, in the dull oblivion of the brain, till fired with a higher, nobler resolve, I cast aside the brutish husk, and out of the very inspiration of my dream, took a more human shape. Born I know not where, living I know not how, I cursed the partial fortune which had condemned me to such a fate: unloving and unloved, despising all around, incredulous of all beyond, I was content to end as I'd begun. You came, a passing sunbeam shot across the thickening gloom. An idler no longer, I faced with desperate energy the stern realities of a poor man's life, and in the presence of unceasing toil, again sought, but sought in vain, forgetfulness of you.

*Lady C.* [*Whose cold hauteur increases, as in the energy of his speech he has approached nearer and nearer to her.*] What is the claim you would urge? for by this strange preface I must fear—

*Mau.* [*Sadly.*] I have said, fear nothing, madam—nothing at least from me. Between this and our first meeting, more than twelve long months have passed—happy months to you.

*Lady C.* [*With Anger.*] Have you forgotten, sir, the pledge you

have given me? must I remind you that I am naught to you as you must ever be naught to me. I will not discuss with you the cruel persecution that drove a wild, wilful, and unprotected girl to an act which—[*her voice is broken with irrepressible emotion.*] Sufficient, that in atonement for the folly of an hour, I shall offer the repentanceof a life

*Mau.* Persecution! who——

*Lady C.* [*Drawing herself proudly up.*] I will never answer questions; my wrongs such as they are, I best know how to right. I am ignorant, whether it is accident or design which led you to this place. [*Movement on part of* MAURICE.] Your power to harm is great; at present you have only used your power to save. I owe my life to you. Place your own value on the gift, it shall be paid.

*Mau.* The wealth of a world could not reach it. [*She is again drawing haughtily back, when advancing, he seizes her hand.*] This meeting was of your seeking—by your invitation I am here.

*Lady C.* Release me, sir, I——

*Mau.* [*With firmness.*] Nay! This is our last meeting. For once, and for once only, I will use the authority of a husband.

*Lady C.* Husband! [*She sinks into chair,* L.,—*covering face with hands.*]

*Mau.* Your husband, cruel woman—yes, your husband! From the hour we met at the wayside inn, when you scarcely allowed your scornful eyes to rest on one whom yet you stooped to use as the degraded instrument for some unknown end—from that hour I loved you! [LADY CAMILLA *half rises from chair—he firmly but gently detains her.*] I marked your averted eyes—your disdainful lip, and the bright flush that crimsoned your cheek when first you touched my hand. I saw, and saw with bitter shame, the money cast at my feet. I knew you could never be mine; but, in the indignation of my heart, I registered a vow that you should never be another's.

*Lady C.* [*Rising.*] Alas! the evil I have done!

*Mau.* [*Still retaining her hand—sinks at her feet.*] A minute—one little minute more, and I take my shadow from the brightness of your life. Do not hide your face—I would gaze for the last time on its proud beauty, and drink in, once more, the poison of your glance. [*Her face is still averted—he releases her hand, and rises to his feet*] Have you no word?—not one! Dumb—frozen—nothing living in the heart? [*He turns to go up stage, when* LADY CAMILLA *turns with a gesture of entreaty.*

*Lady C.* You will not leave me thus—you shall not! MAURICE *pauses a little up stage, his eyes fixed upon her face, which exhibits a strong emotion.*] You must not deem me entirely without excuse for what I did. Oh, think, sir, a woman without a friend—woman did I say?—a child—a self-willed wayward child, left suddenly without defense amongst those who recognised no other tie but that of selfish gain! Persecuted—cruelly persecuted, and a prisoner; I—I—— [*Her voice sinks into plaintive tenderness.*] Alas! I lacked the clasp of a mother's arms—the safeguard of a mother's heart; what marvel, sir, if I paused not to enquire the wisdom of the means, so that I broke for ever an intolerable chain?

*Mau.* [*Sadly.*] I am not here to reproach; nor have you now or ever, aught to fear from me. The promise I gave I will keep!—[*moving up stage till he stands at table*] and standing in this house that

might be mine, of all its rich contents, I claim but this. [*Taking miniature from table.*]

*Lady C.* My portrait!

*Mau.* I have a man's heart, but I have also a man's honor, and depart friendless—penniless—owner of estates that I disdain to claim.

*Music, piano—he has crossed stage to door,* R. 1 E., *there he pauses and gazes proudly but sadly upon* LADY CAMILLA, *who overcome by conflicting emotions, leans for support against chair.*

*Mau.* Farewell forever!

*She sinks into chair covering her face with her hands, at the same moment* SIR PHILIP *and* DOGBRIAR *appear at back from the lawn—the latter pointing exultingly to* MAURICE WARNER, *who, without perceiving them has made a step forward as about to rush to* LADY CAMILLA—*he checks himself as by a powerful effort—presses the portrait to his lips, and exits.*

## ACT III—SCENE I.

*Room in the House of* SIR PHIL. HAILSTONE, [*1st grooves*]. *Park Lane, London, doors* R. *and* L. *French windows at back—three half length portraits arranged so as to form a prominent feature in the scene. The centre portrait is, however, hidden in part by the window curtain. Furniture modern and tasteful. This scene must depend more upon the painter's brush than the upholsterer, requiring a quick change.* SIR PHILIP *is leaning against one of the windows,* R.

*Sir Phil.* A blow! A blow given by the hand of Maurice Warner, that low-born, strolling vagabond, who has contrived by the tricks of trade to push himself into the company of his betters.—He has made a great reputation certainly—a great name! he has brought a blight and scandal upon mine. He is the one obstacle between me and fortune, and this day shall remove it!

*Enter* SERVANT, L, *announcing* MAJOR LUMLEY. *Enter* MAJOR LUMLEY, L. SERVANT *retires.*

*Sir Phil.* [*Advancing upon him eagerly.*] You have seen him?

*Lumley.* I have; our interview was a short one, all mention of apology was at once discarded.

*Sir Phil.* Good! and his weapons?

*Lumley.* He left the choice to me. I chose swords.

*Sir Phil.* [*Striking his hands together with fierce delight.*] It is to rush upon his fate! he's mad, he must be mad!

*Lumley.* [*Coldly, and as much shocked by* SIR PHILIP'S *manner.*] I never saw a man more cool.

*Sir Phil.* [*With some anxiety.*] Did he allude to the cause of quarrel?

*Lumley.* Not a word. [*Enter* SERVANT, L.

*Ser.* A man desires to speak to you, sir.

*Sir Phil.* [*Testily.*] A man—what man?

*Ser.* His name, he says, is Dogbriar.

*Sir Phil.* Dogbriar!

*Ser.* He has come a long way, and he says his business is important.

*Sir Phil.* Show him in here. I will return in a few minutes. [*He is crossing to* LUMLEY, *but again turns to* SERVANT. Give him some refreshment, and remain with him till I come. [SERVANT *exits.* L.

*Sir Phil.* Come Lumley, luncheon waits. [*They exeunt* R. *as* SERVANT *re-enters* L., *followed by* DOGBRIAR. *The latter halts in the doorway, pulling forelock, and scraping with leg.*

*Servant.* [*Sharply.*] Come in. Sir Philip will be with you directly.

*Dog.* [*Advancing leisurely.*] That's werry kind on him, but I say, young man, if he has anything like a dook or a markis with him, don't let him hurry 'em away on my accout.

*Servant.* You're a rum 'un.

*Dog.* Am I? Well, I ain't one of your specious anyhow. [*To the servant's well-bred horror, he begins to whistle in a reflective way as he seats himself on extreme edge of chair, placing his hat beneath it.*] Since you are so pressin', I don't care if I do. [*Pointing to bottle on table.*] Thank'ee. *Takes glass of wine which servant offers, tastes it and makes a face.*] What's this?

*Servant.* Claret, don't you like it?

*Dog.* [*Setting down glass.*] Not at present, [*with another grimace.*] I say, young feller, I'm afeard you've been robbin' the cruets. It may be werry good over a letuce, but when I wants my teeth filed, I goes to a dentist, [*pointing to table.*] What's that?

*Servant.* O—dee—dee.

*Dog.* Co'ney Hatch! I'll take a little. [*As* SERVANT *pours spirits into glass.*] I always delude it with water, [*empties glass.*

*Ser.* You're a temperate one, you are.

*Dog.* It's a family failin! [*Taking up bottle and refilling glass.*

*Ser.* What are you about?

*Dog.* [*Severely*] Always finish what you begin, young man, it's mo—rality and it's fee—losophy.

*Enter* SIR PHILIP, R.

*Ser.* Here's Sir Philip, [*Crossing quickly at back to* L.]

*Dog.* [*Rising quickly and putting bottle into pocket.*] And so there is. SERVANT *exits* L. *at a sign from* SIR PHILIP, *who, advancing directs upon* DOGBRIAR *a keen, searching glance. That gentleman's eyes, however, are bent modestly upon the ground—he twirls his hat in hands, and looks the picture of unruffled innocence.*

*Sir Phil.* [*After a pause.*] Your news?

*Dog.* [*Apologetically.*] None in particular—not at present.

*Sir Phil.* [*Angrily.*] That has been your reply for this many a month, during which I've paid you—and paid you well. [DOGBRIAR *sighs heavily.*] You promised to find out all about this fellow, yet, excepting where he was born—

*Dog.* In Jupiter Jonquil's the—ay—ter.

*Sir Phil.* And that he was nursed by your wife?

*Dog.* Who was also connected with the boards. [*Aside.*] She used to scrub 'em.

*Sir Phil.* I have learnt nothing. You say his mother was a lady?

*Dog.* Nothing less, bonnet, silk gownd, and weddin' ring, complete.

*Sir Phil.* [*With a contemptuous impatience.*] And the father was a gentleman, I suppose?

*Dog.* I ain't come across many speciments of the harticle, but I seen some as look it less.

*Sir Phil.* [*Haughtily.*] What do you mean, fellow?

*Dog.* Well, I never says eggzactly what I means or what I wants. [SIR PHILIP *turns away, and paces room impatiently.*] I let folks guess the one, [*emptying quickly glass on table,*] and 'elps myself to the other.

*Sir Phil.* [*Again halting before him.*] You were to bring your wife. Where is she?

*Dog.* Gone. Just as I begun to draw her out on the whole bisness, she took a perplexity fit, and went hoff like the snuff of a candle.

*Sir Phil.* Dead!

*Dog.* Nipped in her bud. [*Taking out handkerchief as about to weep.*

*Sir Phil.* Poor fellow!

*Dog.* Yes, we all has our trials.

*Sir Phil.* Did she leave nothing?

*Dog.* She left a momentum, as is usual, a portrut—a minetur.

*Sir Phil.* Of herself! [*Carelessly.*

*Dog.* I should rayther think not; her feeturs weren't of that sort which requires momentums. It was a picture of Maurice's father.

*Sir Phil.* Indeed! come, we may get some clue here. [*Aside.*] That may lower my lady cousin's pride still more.

*Dog.* [*Feeling in pockets.*] "Give it to Maurice," says she, "I promised his mother that I'd keep it for him." "An' you've kep' it a precious long time," says I. "I never know'd what might turn up" says she, quite brisk, "I was always a careful woman, and——"

[*He pauses and shakes head.*

*Sir Phil.* Why don't you go on?

*Dog.* Becos, at that werry interestin'·pint of her story, Judy went off. She took the fit, and the fit took her. She were always a agrawating woman and acted up to the karacter.

*Sir Phil.* [*Taking miniature, which* DOGBRIAR *has drawn from his pocket.*] Give it to me.

*Dog.* [*Contemptuously.*] 'Taint worth much—the case is on'y washed, and as thin as a wafer.—hopens with a spring.

*Sir Phil.* We will see what this strolling gentleman is like. [*As he moves up stage to window,* DOGBRIAR *seizes the opportunity to draw bottle from pocket, and is in the act of raising it to his lips, when his eyes rest upon the half length portrait on the wall, which, owing to a movement of* SIR PHILIP'S *against window curtains, is for the first time fully exposed. The bottle drops from* DOGBRIAR'S *hands; he utters a cry of intense astonishment and points to the portrait on wall.*

*Dog.* Heart alive! but it can't be!

*Sir. Phil.* [*In much surprise and moving from window.*] What can't be?

*Dog.* [*Still pointing.*] But it is! it's him! that portrait!

*Sir Phil.* [*Angrily.*] Him! Is the man mad? That is the portrait of George Hailstone, my uncle.

*Dog.* *Your* uncle?

*Sir Phil.* Who, marrying against his father's will, was disinherited and died an outcast and a beggar.

*Dog.* [*By a quick movement, opening the spring of minature.*] Look!

*Sir Phil.* My uncle George! impossible!

*Dog.* [*With wild exultation.*] Not a bit of it! see—[*examining case of minature*]—here's a court of arms and a motter—the same as I seed on the cheers below—Judy always said that Gentleman Warner would turn up trumps at last. [*He is performing a kind of triumphal dance, when* SIR PHILIP, *as one awakening from a lethargy of astonishment, places his hand on* DOGBRIAR'S *shoulder.*

*Sir Phil.* Give me the minature—I must be satisfied.

*Dog.* [*Shaking off hand, and with lightning quickness thrusting portrait into his pocket.*] And so must I.

*Sir Phil.* How, fellow! of what do you suspect me?

*Dog.* [*Whose manner is now full of sly reserve.*] When I ain't sure of a thing I always suspect the wust—it's fee losophy.

*Sir Phil.* You refuse to give me that miniature?

*Dog.* Give!

*Sir Phil.* [*Impatiently.*] Sell then?

*Dog.* That's another pair o' shoes—why you don't think I'd go an' rob a poor un'ort'nit orphan for nothin. [*Crosses to* R.

*Sir Phil.* Your price?

*Dog.* [*Quietly.* Will depend upon the market. [*He is moving towards the door when* SIR PHILIP, *stepping between him and door, again motions as about to put his hand upon shoulder.*

*Sir Phil.* You rascal!

*Dog.* [*Starting back, his face and attitude changing from its former oily slyness, into one of lowering menace.*] None o' that! 'Rasperate me an' I'll show you a trick or two. [*Buttoning his coat determinedly.*] I'm come of a porkypine breed, and hurts when roughly handled. [*Taking* C. *of stage.*] Look'ee here, Sir Philip; let's play cards on the table; they ain't werry clean one's on either side, but the color o' the pasteboard won't take off from the skill o' the game. You hired me to find out all about Maurice, that is, all that was bad about him, becos, thinks you, it's easier to pint out a smut on a chap's face than for him to wipe it off. But things have taken quite another aspic', an' unless I see powerful—wery powerful reasons to the contrary, the minitur' of the father will find its way into the hands of the son.

*Sir. Phil.* [*Who forces an appearance of indifference.*] And you think this wild story will be believed?

*Dog.* There are plenty o' people who know Gentleman Warner and his wife, and with such a clue as this—[*slapping pocket, which contains miniature*]—the scent won't be hard to foller.

[SERVANT *enters with card,* L.

*Sir. Philp.* [*Looking at card.*] Captain Shrimpton—show him into the library. [SERVANT *exits* L. D; SIR PHILIP *turns and surveys* DOGBRIAR, *who is seemingly lost in admiration of himself before mirror.*

*Sir Phil.* [*Aside.*] A few hours and this new discovery may have no power to harm—this duel will decide all. [*He approaches* DOGBRIAR *and speaks with a hearty bonhomie.*] Dogbriar! [DOGBRIAR *turns briskly*]—upon reflection, the picture may as well be in your hands as mine.

*Dog.* [*Drily.*] Quite as well.

*Sir Phil.* I have little doubt we shall come to such terms as will prevent this double disgrace from falling on my family; I have pressing business with some visitors, which, however, will not detain me long. [*He crosses stage to* R. *door.*] In the meantime—[*opens door,* R.]—wait in my private room; eat, drink and amuse yourself till my return.

*Dog.* Then make haste, Sir Philip—I was born under the hedge like the wiolets, an' couldn't breathe 'tween four stone walls.

*Sir Phil.* Ah! we none of us know what's in store for us.

*Dog.* [*Who is entering room,* R., *turns and darts a keen glance at* SIR PHILIP.] That's very true. [*Aside.*] But it isn't me as will go to the wall. [*Aloud, and with meaning.*] Don't 'urry yourself, Sir Philip—I can wait [*He passes to room,* R., *his face wearing a puzzled, doubtful look*—SIR PHILIP *closes door, turns key softly, and places it in his pocket.*

*Sir Phil.* Safe for an hour or two at least. [*Going to table he strikes on bell. Enter* SERVANT, L. D.

*Sir Phil.* The man who entered just now is there. [*Points to room.*] The door is locked, the key in my pocket. Let no one have speech with him till my return. [SIR PHILIP *crossing stage while speaking, and snatching up hat and gloves exits* L.*; as he passes out he raises his clenched hand and speaks aside.*] And now for you! rival! enemy and cousin! [*He exits,* SERVANT *following, lifting tray, wine, &c., from table, follows as Scene opens upon a grand interior of artist's studio—statues on pedestals and pictures tastefully arranged on easels, &c—armor and arms adorn walls—folding doors at back—doors* R. 1 *and* 3 *entrances, these latter covered with velvet curtains which run on rod—entire effect, half drawing room, half studio, like the fashionable Continental ateliers.* MAURICE WARNER, R. 3 E., *before easel, painting—on opposite side of stage, a slightly raised dais or platform covered with crimson or green baize,* L., *upon which* SLOEBERRY, *in costume of a Spanish girl, is standing, tambourine in hand—at her feet reclines* HYACINTH JONQUIL *in the dress of a Spanish Matador, holding guitar—they form tableau for the pictures which* MAURICE *is painting.* R. C.

*Mau.* Thank you, Hyacinth, that will do.

*Jon.* [*Springing up, crossing stage,* R., *rests hands on* MAURICE'S *shoulder and examines picture.*] Life, color, expression! and, above all, nature who so rarely shows her honest face upon the canvas. Ah! you're a great painter, Maurice—a giant! and I but a dwarf who ever comes halting behind.

*Mau.* [*Smiling.*] Your's is a bark that sails lightly on life's stream.

*Jon.* [*Laughing.*] With Pleasure at the prow, and Youth at the helm. [*Clapping* MAURICE *gaily on the shoulder.*] Men so rich in talent as yourself can afford to throw an alms to the poor. [*A* DOMESTIC *in livery enters* R. 3 E., *delivering letter to* MAURICE, *and exits.*

*Mau.* [*Glancing carelessly at address.*] From Linnet, the dealer. [*Tossing letter to* JONQUIL. Open it, Hyacinth! [*Still seated in chair, his manner that of one laboring under a profound mental dejection.*

*Jon.* [*Glancing at letter.*] As usual he bids for your picture before finished.

*Sloe.* [*Who descends from platform and now stands* L. 1 E., *she speaks mournfully aside.*] It is *she* who buys—I pierced that mystery long ago. [MAURICE *still seated, his eyes bent on the ground, seems in a reverie* JONQUIL *crosses to* SLOEBERRY *who has moved a little up stage.*

*Jon.* [*Aside to* SLOEBERRY.] He'll work no more to-day. He has his dark fit on him.

*Sloe.* [*Same tone.*] Poor Maurice.

*Jon.* Poor Maurice indeed: victim alike to love and pride, his is a disease without a cure. [*As* SLOEBERRY *is moving away.*] To-morrow, Sloeberry, at the same hour!

*Sloe.* Of course, I shall bring my work with me. [*Going.*

*Jon.* [*Catching her hand.*] And take away my heart with you.

*Sloe.* Nonsense! [*Withdrawing hand.*] I leave that behind me with the other rubbish of the studio. [*Crosses stage and exits,* R. 2 E.

*Jon.* [*Aside.*] Now I'm in earnest, in sober, right down, serious earnest, yet the moment I mention love she laughs, and if I speak of marriage, she runs away. [*Coming down stage he touches* MAURICE *lightly on shoulder.*] Maurice! [MAURICE *looks up*] about this challenge?

*Mau.* [*Calmly.*] I have accepted it.

*Jon.* [*Movement of astonishment.*] Surely some arrangement.

*Mau.* None is possible—the apology demanded I refused, [*rising*] we fight within the hour.

*Jon.* [*Agitated.*] Reflect, Maurice? Sir Philip Hailstone has served abroad; his skill with every kind of weapon, is notorious—and——

*Mau.* I have no fear.

*Jon.* Fear! No, but— [SLOEBERRY *re-enters* R. 3 E. *She crosses* L., *and remains up stage unperceived.*

*Mau.* [*Interrupting* JONQUIL.] You know the cruel use Sir Philip has made of the knowledge of his cousin's secret, at the clubs, in the salons, no matter where, this man is ever by me, with covert taunt and coward sneer, at my beggar origin, or as he terms it, gipsy birth.

*Jon.* [*Indignantly.*] And you bore this, Maurice?

*Mau.* I bore it, with rage at my heart, and the flush of shame upon my cheek, I bore it all, and all for *her*. To guard her name from calumny I suffered this man's insolence, till bold from impunity, he dared to attack the son by reflections on the mother, to sting the husband by innuendoes, as base as they were false, upon the wife.

*Jon.* And you?

*Mau.* Before the sneer had faded from his lips, my answer was written on his cheek. [*Points to clock.*] As I have said we fight within the hour. [*Crossing to door*, R. 2. E.] Come, there is but scant time to prepare. *They exunt* R. 2 E.

*Sloe.* Maurice fight, and fight for her! [*Looking at clock.*] She alone can prevent this. I know Maurice. One word, one look, one smile of her's, and this calm, strong man is as a child. Her house is but a step from here, I will fly to her, and say, Lady Camilla, a danger, a great danger, threatens Maurice Warner. I implore, I entreat, [*she stops and laughs bitterly*] small need of entreaty when Love and Fear lend wings. 'Twas but yesterday I saw her at the gallery before his great picture. She thought herself alone, but [*her voice sinks into a despairing tenderness*] I was there—watched with aching heart the slow tears creeping down her cheeks. [*With energy.*] Tears, I cannot weep like her but I would die for him. [*She goes up stage and exits hurriedly by folding doors*, C., *as* MAURICE *and* JONQUIL *re-enter*, R. 2 E., *both in walking costume, hats and gloves, &c., in hand.*

*Mau.* [*Speaking as he enters, resting on* JONQUIL'S *shoulder.*] If I fall, tell her that her name was to me as some sacred thing—tell her that I loved her to the last.

*Jonquil.* [*With forced gaiety.*] Never play the raven to your own fortunes, Maurice—the dice have yet to be thrown,

*Mau.* [*Smiling.*] True; when such game is a foot, we should be first in the field.

*Jon.* [All is prepared—a moment, and I am with you! *Exit* R. 3 E.

*Mau.* [*Crossing to the veiled picture on easel*, L.] Yet once again, and perhaps for the last time, I will gaze upon that loved face. [*Drawing aside the curtain, he reveals the portrait of* CAMILLA *—he speaks after pause, during which he attentively regards portrait.*] And is there no other end in life but love—no higher aim than winning thee, proud woman? [*As he speaks, the folding doors at back are opened noiselessly, and* LADY C. *appears*

*on threshhold*, C. *She enters hurriedly, closing doors behind her, then stands* R. *without moving, contemplating* MAURICE, *whose eyes are fixed on picture.*]

*Mau.* [L. C.] No; there is no life without thee—none! the voice of praise sounds idly in my ears—for thy lips are silent! The works of my hands, the creation of my brain, are as dead things to me—for thy face is ever there—between me and the canvas! Alas! this, thy pictured image, is not more cold to me than thou art. [*He drops curtain and, as overcome by emotion, covers his face with his hands.* LADY C., *who has come a little down stage, now stands* R. 3 E., *leaning against chair.*

*Lady C.* [*Speaking with a half sob, up* C.] Maurice! Maurice! [WARNER *turns, and with a cry, recoils against picture—his hand grasping curtain—his eyes fixed as one who sees a spectre.*]

*Mau.* Lady Camilla!

*Lady C.* [*Advancing slowly.*] I have come, Maurice Warner, to hinder an act of folly, and to prevent the commission of a crime. [MAURICE'S *eyes stilll fixed upon her in a doubting amazement.*] I know all—the challenge and the provocation—all. The cruel insult—the coward insult, that aroused your anger. I also know the motive which has induced my cousin to seek this quarrel.

*Mau.* [*Coldly*] May I ask the name of your informant, madam?

*Lady C.* It matters not. My cousin seeks a duel, and I, throwing aside reserve, and trampling pride beneath my feet, am here to prevent it—at all hazards to prevent it—[*with a quick, impulsive movement she approaches him*]—Maurice Warner, you must avoid this meeting.

*Mau.* [*With same marble coldness.*] It cannot be avoided.

*Lady C.* You do not know Sir Philip. Bethink you, he has been a soldier, trained to arms, and ——

*Mau.* [*Smiling.*] Madam, you insult me!

*Lady C.* [*With change of manner.*] I! Oh, heaven! If you but knew Sir Philip's motive.

*Mau.* It is not difficult to guess. He loves you.

*Lady C.* [*Indignantly.*] Loves me! Loves me! He loves my fortune, Maurice Warner. Half that fortune will be his on your death. Do you not hear? It is on your death this bad man builds his hopes.

*Mau.* And in that death lies there not also a hope for you? Reflect! between you and happiness stands but one barrier—[*indicating himself by gesture*]—but one!

*Lady C.* [*As moved by a sudden resolve.*] Listen, Maurice Warner! [*Movement on part of* MAURICE.] Nay, you must listen, for I have much to say. Four years have passed—four long years since we stood thus face to face, the gloomy past casting its blighting shadows on us both; you, and you alone, gazed into the future with unshrinking eyes, and saw a dawning light through the darkness. [MAURICE *is about to speak, she checks him by an imploring gesture, and continues in tones of much feeling.*] Months, years flew by, and, desolate and alone, I heard, at first with wonder, and then almost with fear, of the growing greatness of your name—this by the public mouth. Then came your friends—for a great success makes many—and I heard of days of toil and nights of study, while they all, unwitting of the pain they gave, hinted at some secret sorrow which weighed upon your heart

*Mau.* Is sorrow in this world, so rare as to be worthy of remark?

*Lady C.* He who climbs high, challenges remark from all; we met

in London, again and again we met, as strangers in that vast and ever changing crowd, with silent lips and eyes averted we passed each other, yet the flush that rose upon my cheek at every mention of your name, was one of pride, of honest pride in you.

*Mau.* [*Eagerly.*] Is it possible? [*With rapid change of manner.*] You mock me, madam?

*Lady C* I have said I am here to avert a danger—a great one. This meeting must not take place.

*Mau.* [*Coldly.*] My honor is engaged. I—what would you have me do? Society has its laws; it is but justice to——

*Lady C* [*With scornful energy.*] Law! justice! what words when the act you would commit outrages both. [*Crosses to* L.

*Mau.* What I have not sought I shall not shrink from—life has not so many gifts to offer that I should swerve from the path I have chosen—even by a step. To be in love with life one link is wanting.

*Lady C.* And that.

*Mau.* The blessed link which binds two human hearts. [*His voice sinks, as overcome with emotion, which he in vain endeavors to restrain; he is turning away when* LADY C., *who by a quick movement, has placed herself by his side, lays her hand upon his arm.*

*Lady C.* Live! Maurice! live for me! [*He turns, gazes on her with a startled, wild expression, full of wonder and incredulity.*] For me—[*her hand still resting on his arm*]—how shall I speak to you? Alas! I have yet to learn the words that will soonest reach your heart—I know not what to say—what plea to urge! I can only kneel and weep. [*Is about to kneel, when* MAURICE *catches her in his arms, but suddenly draws back, though still holding her; gazes with wild earnestness into her face.*

*Mau.* This is the very mockery of my dream! [*Averting his face.*] There is a fascination in your gaze—a magic in your voice—I dare not listen!

*Lady C.* [*She detains him as he is about to move up stage.*] Do not leave me—have I not also some claim to pity? I entreat—nay I implore—at your feet—you will stay!

*Mau.* [*As one who by an overpowering effort of will shakes off a spell.*] No! [*He breaks from her.*] You have robbed me of my heart! You shall not rob me of my honor! [*Moves as to go up stage, but suddenly rising to her feet,* LADY CAMILLA *flies past him, and her back against folding doors, her arms extended across them, she bars his way, her face and action expressive of her old imperious energy.*]

*Lady C.* You shall not pass! you shall not! What is the madness you would do! to risk all your happiness and mine in a foolish brawl, and in this desperate game to stake two lives.

*Mau.* Two lives!

*Lady C.* Mine!—mine is bound up in yours. This is no time either for reserve or pride; I tear aside the veil, and lay my heart wide open to you. I, alas! I know not what to say. [*Her voice suddenly sinks into one of plaintive tenderness.*] I love you! [*She comes down stage a few paces—pauses, overcome by emotion, and covers her face with her hands.*]

*Mau.* [*With a cry.*] You love me!

*Lady C.* [*She looks up proudly and speaks in a voice full and firm.*] Yes, I love you! [*Coming down stage.*] You will not meet this man? What I begged as the woman, I claim as the wife.

*Mau.* As you will—ever as you will. Honor, wealth, friends, I cast them all aside—a word—a glance of yours, and each settled purpose of my soul, as I would grasp it, melts like a snow flake in my coward hands. Well let them go; in this cold world, a little love is worth them all.

*Lady C.* [*With joy and glancing at clock.*] Thank heaven! the hour is past. [*Goes up,* L., *the door* R. 2 E., *opens and* JONQUIL *enters quickly, without perceiving* LADY CAMILLA, *who is a little up stage. As* JONQUIL *crosses to* MAURICE, *she glides behind statue,* L., *where she remains concealed, but visible to the audience.*

*Jon.* [*Down* R., *speaking as he enters.*] Quick! Maurice; we haven't a moment to lose.

*Mau.* [*Rising hastily, glances nervously round, then approaches* JONQUIL, *speaking with a feverish quickness.*] I have reflected this appointment—I—I shall not keep. [*Giving letter.*] This will explain.

*Jon.* [*Glancing at address.*] An apology! [*He regards* MAURICE *steadily in the face.*] An apology, and to him?

*Mau.* [*Averting his face for a moment, crossing to* R.] Do not question me—at least not now. As my friend you will act for me, and place that in the hands of——[*The folding doors,* C., *are thrown open, and the* SERVANT *announces* SIR PHILIP HAILSTONE. SIR P., CAPT. SHRIMPTON, *and* MAJOR LUMLEY *enter. Two former remain at back; latter comes down to where* MAURICE *is standing.* JONQUIL *still holding letter in his hand, stands by statute, behind which* LADY C. *has disappeared. She not visible to audience.*

*Major.* [C.] Pardon this intrusion. Mr. Warner, your non-appearance?

*Mau.* [*With strong effort at self-control.*]Since our interview this morning much has occurred to alter my intention—[*with strong effort*]—I am prepared to apologize. This meeting will not take place,

SIR PHILIP, *with an angry exclamation, is springing forward,* L., *but* SHRIMPTON, L., *restrains him.*

*Mau.* [*With hauteur.*] Sir, I tender an apology.

*Sir. Phil.* [*Pushing* SHRIMPTON *roughly aside, and advancing.*] Which is refused—[*facing* MAURICE]—vagabond and stroller.

*Major and Shrimp.* [*Interposing.*] Sir Philip! Gentlemen!

*Sir Phil.* Gentlemen! [*He laughs scornfully.*] Is it that you include this hedgeborn fellow in the category? Enough—[*as they again interpose*]—I will have no tardy apology—the insult was public—such a mark blood alone can obliterate! [*He moves to go up stage.*] Follow! [MAURICE *who has made a quick movement as about to obey, checks himself—glances wildly around room as seeking some one, then with a stifled groan draws himself again coldly up.*

*Mau.* I cannot.

*Jon.* [*Down* R.] Maurice! [*There is a general movement of astonishment, and* SIR PHILIP, *trembling with passion, again places himself before* WARNER—*good contrast here between the high, cold, agonised restraint of* WARNER *and the hot rage of* SIR PHILIP—*they occupy centre of stage.*]

*Sir Phil.* [c.] Coward! It shall at least be blow for blow. [*With a movement fierce and sudden,* MAURICE WARNER *has grasped* SIR PHILIP'S *upraised arm, and before it can descend, hurls him violently some paces back—before the latter can renew the attack,* LADY CAMILLA *stands between them—her face is very pale, but high and proud—she holds in hand Maurice's letter, which she has snatched from* JONQUIL, *and which she now tears into fragments.*]

*Lady C.* Maurice? Maurice Warner! I release you from your oath. [*Pointing to* Sir Philip.] FIGHT THAT MAN! [*With a cry, a "rugissement" of joy,* Warner *snatches from the wall a pair of swords and casts one at the feet of* Sir Philip, *who, no less eager, clutches up the weapon, and they prepare to engage—a great noise as of footsteps and sound of voices heard outside door, c., at back, at which a knocking continues.*]

*Mau.* Keep the door, Jonquil—let no one enter.

*Major.* [*Who with* Shrimpton, *endeavors to interfere.*] Gentlemen, I entreat you.

*Mau.* Back, sir! We have had enough of words. *To* Sir Philip.] On your guard. [*They engage. The seconds draw back.* Lady Camilla *stands, the torn letter in her hands: her figure erect—immoveable; her eyes rivetted upon the crossing of the swords.* Jonquil *at back, his hands upon the lock of closed doors, at which the knocking still continues, his figure bent eagerly forward, watching the combatants. A cry, and* Sir Philip *staggers back, and leans as for support on* Shrimpton, l. *Crash heard, when sword falls, and at the same moment, doors at back are burst open, and* Sloeberry *and* Dogbriar *enter, and come hastily down stage, as* Lady Camilla *sinks, with a low sob, as of a great relief, into the arms of* Maurice Warner.]

*Dog.* [*To* Sir Philip.] How are you getting on? Yours was a clever trick, Sir Philip, but never turn the key of a door till you've seen there's a bar to the window—that's my fee-losophy.

*Sloe.* [*Giving miniature to* Lady Camilla.] This portrait, madam, we entrust to you ——

*Lady C.* [*Glancing at portrait.*] George Hailstone! my uncle.

*Dog.* [*Crossing to centre.*] And Maurice Warner's father.

*Mau.* [*Who has taken portrait.*] My father! Speak, Sloeberry! Dogberry! explain.

*Dog.* Explain? Why, don't it explain itself. You want to know who's done'd it all—why in coorse you do, that's morality and pheelosophy. Well, it's me. Ah, you may shake your head, Sir Philip, but you can't aggravate me. I say again, it's me. I aint picked 'oles in people's saucepans all my life, without a seein' one in their coats, 'specially when it's big enough to shove your 'ed through. I done it, and as the cove used to say at Jonquil's theatre, "Alone, I done it."

*Mau.* You?

*Dog.* Why, in coorse. Besides didn't I find the picture? Didn't I find the ring? Didn't I find the scarf? And didn't I stick to em all, and ain't virtue its own reward? Ugh! I say agin—alone I did it—and what do you want more.

*Lady C.* [*Staying* Dogbriar.] Nothing, Oh, nothing now! [*Pressing her hand on bosom, she turns to* Maurice.] My heart has no room for further happiness—sufficient that you are Camilla's Husband! [*Her head sinks upon his breast, as, with a radiant look, she faces audience.*]

Sloeberry. Major *and* Shrimpton.

Sir Philip.

Jonquil Maurice. Camilla. Dogbriar.

R. L.

THE END.

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